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The Journal.

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VANDERLIP'S HOTEL,
Manchester, E. M. VANDERLIP, Proprietor.
This long established hotel continues open
for the accommodation of the traveling public.
Particular attention given to boarders from
abroad during the summer months. The public
drawings to the hotel recently extended to respec-
tably selected.

FOR SALE.
One first (Pike's Patent) light, one horse-
drawn sled, one, will be sold cheap for cash,
or exchanged for wood. Enquire at the
JOURNAL OFFICE.
Manchester, Feb. 15, 1880.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
THE EQUINOX HOUSE.
(At the foot of Mt. Equinox.)
MANCHESTER, VT., MAY 2, 1878.
OPEN FROM NEW YEAR TO NEW YEAR.

Terms for two, four, or six weeks from June 1st to
the end of the season, \$12.00 per week.
Managers at the foot of Mount Equinox, 10 miles
north of New York and 10 miles south of Rutland,
on the Rutland, Burlington, and St. Albans
Railroad, 10 miles from Troy, Vt. to Boston Railroad.
Harmon Hotel, from New York to Manchester
without change of cars or baggage.

The Equinox House on Mt. Equinox, four thousand
feet above the sea, is a beautiful and healthy
place for the invalid and the traveler. The
house is well equipped for the summer season.
Travellers will find it well worth the time and
expense of a visit to the Equinox House.

Natural Springs (at Broadway and Harmon Depot,
New York) and to Manchester.—BUT

THE ROVER CALORIC ENGINE.
The Rover, most economical and best power for
marine, steam, or stationary use, of any size, and
in every respect, one of the most perfect and
valuable in operation in the business world. Sold
for cash.—Sold at manufacturer's price by
C. A. PIERCE & CO., Manchester, Vt.

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AMSTEL.

[We give place to the following translation
from the German Post, Amstel, which will be read
with interest at this time.]

Where is the German's fatherland?
Is't he Frisian? No! Is't he Dutch?
Where grows the vine, where flows the Rhine?
No, yet more great and far more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

How call they then the German's land?
Denmark? No! Denmark? No! Denmark?
Is't he the Zeyher's land?
Where Zeyher built the iron bridge?
No, brothers, no, they have not spanned
The German's genuine fatherland!

Is't he the German's fatherland?
Westphalia? No! Westphalia? No!
Where Zeyher's wondrous water flows;
Where Westphalia, where Danube flows;
Must find it now? No, yet! Denmark
Denmark the German's fatherland?

Then say, where has the German's land?
Is't he the land that encompasses land?
Is't he the land that encompasses land?
Is't he the land that encompasses land?
Is't he the land that encompasses land?

Where, then, is't the German's land?
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devalued the wisdom in which the good
Frisian Vrow had brought up Anthony's
children, nor the sunshine which
in spite of losses and failures, her pres-
ence had made in his home for more
than thirty years.

The feast waited for Anthony's son,
Anke Stralen. His vessel had dropped
anchor that morning in the Amstel at
six o'clock. Sailors' wives
and mothers know what makes a red-
letter day in their calendar. Dame
Stralen's heart was large enough to care
for all her children, but her thoughts
were most with the boy who braved the
perils of the deep. She knew, too, that
her love was returned, as did his mes-
sengers, who used good-naturedly to wa-
ger that Anke's first question to the
gilt would be, Is my mother well? He
had been seven years at sea, ever since
he was fifteen. His earnings had been
the support of the family. He had
climbed through every grade of sea
man's life, from reeling the fore-castle
to the quarter-deck, and as he now
entered the parlor, shaking hands
with the sailors, saluting each of his
sisters and the grand aunt with a kiss,
and heartily greeting the pretty niece,
his long and hearty embrace was
given to his mother.

It is God's meal to-night, my boy,
said the vrow, her hand in both of his
and her blue eyes beautiful in their ex-
pression of maternal pride and love.—
You have not forgotten?
Mithelkin! Dear Mithelkin! replied
the boy, raising her hand to his lips,
and bending his head to hers, I have
never forgotten, nor once, that God's
work pays me wages.

Anke was still boy to her, whom he
addressed by that tenderest name, Mithel-
kin—a word for which we have no
synonym; but his bronze face and star-
ry frame gave him almost the look of
middle age. As he sat there in his sail-
or's dress of canvas, with his Danish
pipe in full play, he might have passed
for one of those old-time seamen from
whose Skipper Lane had been named.

There was a time when Karl Hoofdt
had speculated on a match between his
partner's son and his own and only
daughter, and the young folk did not
think that event even impossible yet.—
But Karl was thinking otherwise.—
Anke made good wages to be sure. He
was temperate and industrious. If it
was not for his father's large family he
might lay by something, but as it was
he would never be worth a stiver. Joan
must do better than that, was the con-
clusion to which he was coming, when
the news Anke was telling his mother
over the beer turned his musings to an-
other channel.

The captain and owner of the Zuyder
Zee, in which craft Anke had always
sailed, was Jacob Stevenson, who by
carrying cheese and gin to the Baltic
towns, and salt fish back to Amsterdam
had realized sufficient gains to open a
trade with England. Its late King had
been a market for tea and Chinese silks,
of which Amsterdam was the epicure.
But the Zuyder Zee would not suit the
English trade, and he had offered to sell
her to Anke, to be paid for in yearly in-
stallments, with interest at five per
cent.

Take her! said Karl and I will use all
my interest with the Scheedans and
cheese-burgers to get up the first cargo.
But she is a slow sailor and rough in
the rigging, replied Anke, skillfully tak-
ing the cautious side.

She'll go well enough before the wind,
wont she? and she lades better than
any craft in the river. You had better
close the bargain, Jacob, give her a coat
of paint and call her Hammerman Van
Harderhold, after our East India Di-
rector. I'll go the first trip with you,
Anke.

That's all very well, replied Anke, I'll
take the Zay-ber Zee and paint her, and
you, my dear Karl, may freight her. But
she is my ship, and as long as I sail her
she goes only by one name, and that is
the Frisian Vrow, from my mother.

For many weeks Anke and Karl, the
one at the ship and the other at the
cargo, were busy getting ready. Every-
thing sped. Neighbors furnished ven-
tures of linen. Country folks brought
in their cheeses. Schnapps in bottles,
Holland delft, and gin in barrels and
logskids, were carefully stored away
in the good ships hold. Her bottom
was newly coppered, a new figure-head,
presented by Jason Keel for good luck,
set gracefully under her bow, and she
bore in large letters on her stern, Frisian
Vrow. By the middle of July she
was ready to sail.

Ever the well, my boy! said his good
mother as she took leave of him at the
door in the gray of the summer morn-
ing. Forget us at home, and in all
thy goings, remember that God's work
hath sure wages.

I will remember that, and all the good
things you have taught me, moth-
er; but keep a brave heart and take no
disquiet for me; good bye! said the
young skipper, and within the hour he
was on the deck of the Frisian Vrow,
was sailing down the Amstel.

The newly painted ship was a high-
pooped, broad-sided craft, of heavy build
but a fair wind carried her down the
Zuyder Zee, over the North sea, and up

the Sound so surely and steadily, that
Carl got the length of remarking that a
seaman's life was the the easiest he
knew. Their destination was the port
of Revel, where the Dutch trades had
found a market ever since their sails
were first seen in the Baltic.

At this time Peter, afterward called
the Great, was home from his three
years' travels. He had worked as a
ship-carpenter at the Zandam dock-
yards; had learned rope-making, sail-
making and smith work; had worn the
dress of a workman, made his own fire,
boiled his pot, swept his lodgings, car-
ried timbers on his shoulders, and con-
formed in every respect to the customs
of the yard; and he was now carrying
out results in Russia such as in any
other way ten centuries would never
have accomplished. He had created a
fleet, disciplined an army, established a
university, and was now engaged in
laying the foundation of a city to be
called after his own name. Fixing up-
on Cronstadt as the location of the fort
to protect the mouth of the river upon
which the capital of all the Russians
was to stand, and preparing the draw-
ings with his own hand, he left its ex-
ecution to one of his engineer officers
while he returned to St. Petersburg to
push forward those almost superhuman
works, which at a cost of nearly half a
million lives, have made it what it is.—
The eastern coasts of the Baltic, formerly
divided between Sweden and Pol-
and, had also fallen into Peter's hands
almost to the walls of Revel.

All this the skipper of the Frisian
Vrow knew little of. Dutch cheese
found a market at Revel; no row straits
had to be threaded; sand banks and
sunken bars made the passage perilous
and Anke understood that the master's
eyes must never be closed until sea-
room became plenty. The solstice
weather, too, grew thick; squally winds
knocked the old ship uneasily about.—
Narrow channels kept the sailor on the
lookout. And after several days of
shifting gales and darkened skies, Karl
began to get impatient. Scrambling one
morning to the deck, he found Anke as
usual at the helm.

Are we far from Revel, now? inquired
of the sturdy skipper.

If the wind hold fair, replied Anke,
we shall make it by harbor before noon.
Yonder is the gulf way too leeward.

Karl could see nothing in the direc-
tion indicated but a waste of foamy
waves, and on the right a distant out-
line of a high and rocky coast. There
was a roaring sound of wind and wa-
ters all about them; but through it came
the deep boom of an alarm bell.

There's a ship in distress, said Anke.
Hans take a glass and see if you can
make her out.

His mate, a gray-haired, but active
seaman, had scarcely raised the glass
when he shouted, Captain, she's a fish-
ing smack ashore on Diver's Shoals, and
her crew are clinging to her rigging.

Boys, we'll save them, said Anke;
the case may be our own.

Ay, Captain, replied Hans, but should
we lose this wind, who knows when the
Frisian Vrow will drop anchor?

We shall miss the market, too! cried
Karl. Don't be a fool Anke.

This ship is called after my good
mother, said the young skipper, putting
about the helm. Before I left home she
told me God's work had sure wages,
and I believe it. Boys, we'll save those
poor fellows!

Well done, Captain! cried the crew
with cheers, and while Karl went below
to grumble at Anke's ill luck, the Frisian
Vrow bore down on the foundering
vessel, and Anke Stralen, with four sail-
ors, were gallantly rowing the ship's
only boat through the breakers. The
little bark was fast in the sands. A
heavy surf broke over her. The crew—
the master, three seamen, and two boys
all Swedes—clung to the spars and
rigging of the hopeless craft. They
were all rescued, wet, cold, and nearly
faint, and taken on board the Frisian
Vrow, thankful for their preservation,
but unable to speak a word of
Dutch. The skipper gave them dry
clothes and a breakfast, and hastened
to look after his ship, which was
already in trouble. The wind had
veered due west, and there was no
getting the right course. The sailors
tacked and reefed and hauled up, but
the Vrow was utterly unmanageable
against the gale, and there was nothing
but to run before it.

Yes, grumbled, Karl I know how it
would be. The market will be lost and
we shall all be shipwrecked.

But nobody was in a humor to mind
his gloomy prognostications; besides,
he was not the only one upon whom
fear fell when the vessel went speeding
at a rate she had never sailed before,
straight up the Finnish Gulf.

toward evening. The wind though it
still blew strong, was steady, and the
ship went bravely on. The rescued
Swedes gave a hand. Hans was on the
lookout and Anke was at the helm.—
They had just passed an island where
large piles of stones were shaping into
embrasures and walls, and where pen-
nant and bunting were flying from
poles and masts. Before them lay a
swampy shore. On the right was the
mouth of a broad river, into which the
Frisian Vrow was standing.

Where are we now, Anke? asked
Karl, holding his breath.

If I read the chart right, answered
Anke, this must be the mouth of the
Neva.

I never heard of such a place in all
my life, rejoined Karl, nor any one
who traded there.

May be so, replied the skipper, but
there is a report that the Czar of Rus-
sia is building a town somewhere on
the river, and perhaps he will trade
with us.

Trade with us! cried Karl; he will
take our cargo and make us work on
the walls.

At this moment Hans cried out from
the masthead.

A town ahead, Captain, and a boat
putting off.

The Czar Peter was in the midst of
that great work which had been called
the great enterprise of the modern
world. Fins and Cossacks, Calmucks
and Swedes, were at work by thou-
sands. Piles were sunk into the acres
of dismal swamps. Solid ground was
found here and there. A bay was ex-
cavated on the west. Half a dozen small
houses had been erected, streets and
squares were marked by lines of tim-
ber driven into the mud. French en-
gineers, English carpenters, and Dutch
boat-builders, superintended hordes
of wild Russians. The Czar was in ill-
humor. No bottom had been found for
the piles on which the imperial palace
was to rest. Bad news had come from
the north. The soldiers grumbled to lose
their beards. Peter the Great felt that
all was growing bad, when into his quar-
ters rushed an English ship-carpenter
with the news.

Please your majesty, there is a ship
standing up the river.

Dunder and blitzen! sang out the
rough Czar, with an oath that clung to
him to the last, say ye so? The cap-
tain of that ship is a hero. Get out my
barges, man her, call Mehzikoff, and
we will run down and welcome the first
ship to St. Petersburg.

The gale was moderating, and the
Vrow under bare poles, was standing
her course up the river, when Anke
spied a Dutch built Zuyder Zee boat
coming down, rowed by men in uni-
form and steered by a tall coxswain in
pea jacket and checked shirt.

Heave a rope! he cried in sound
Dutch, as the boat came alongside.

As no arms were seen among them,
the rope was thrown. The steers-
man was the first on board. Righting
himself as he let go the rope, he seized
Anke by both hands and exclaimed.

Welcome to you, good captain! Wel-
come to the port of St. Petersburg!—
The Frisian Vrow is the first bark that
ever sailed up the Neva, and henceforth
she shall be duty-free, though she carry
Sweden for a cargo.

Good, Mr. Russian, said Karl Hoofdt,
elbowing his way forward, 'we have a
cargo of cheese and gin, the best in
Holland, and have missed our market
in Revel through the folly of this young
man, who would not take advice.

Silence! thundered the steersman.
You are the fool! I will buy the whole
cargo myself.

His Majesty the Czar! whispered
one of the rowers, who wore a star on
his breast.

Anke afterward knew him to be the
Prince Menziggoff; for his ship was
brought to anchor in the bay, and he
and Hans had the honor of dining at
the chief of the wooden houses.

The whole cargo was bought at a
price which satisfied even Karl; for
Peter the first kept his promise.—
Though given to act like one who feared
not God, neither regarded man, the
great Czar understood the value of
commerce to his rising city, and Anke,
as the first trader, received under his
hand a perpetual remission of all dues
for his ship.

The Frisian Vrow, on leaving port,
received a salute of twenty-one guns.—
These honors affected no one so much
as Karl Hoofdt. He had kept very quiet
while in port, but came exulting-
ly up to the young skipper, who stood
calmly smoking at the helm, as they
steered out of the Neva, and clapping
him vigorously on the shoulder, cried,

Anke, we have made a good run by
that west wind.

Yes, my dear, said Anke, my moth-
er's proverb has proved true. God's
work hath sure wages.

Thy mother is a prudent woman, re-
plied Karl, and I think thou wouldst
make a prudent son-in-law.

Anke put away his pipe at this re-
mark, and he and Karl conversed to
their mutual satisfaction.

The Vrow made a prosperous run to
the Helsingfors, where the poor Swedes

were landed, and then, with a heavy
cargo of salt fish, the good ship sailed
to Amsterdam.